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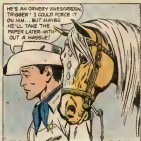


ROY, CERTAINLY, HAS NO WORRIES, AS HE SADDLES UP!



OUTSIDE THE RANCH CORRAL, A BARGAIN-PRICED RED HORSE IS JERRED OFF HIS FEET!

UNHAPPY, BUT EXPECTING HORSE, THE PROUD BRUTE GETS TO HIS FEET!







• HOLDING, PONTING AT EVERY LEAD THE SPARKED HORSE MAKES STRAIGHT FOR THE DROP-OFF - AND DEATH!











WITH A PIECE OF HIS CATCH ROPE, ROY HARSHAW A QUICK HALTER—AND RED MAKES NO MOVE TO RESIST.



ROY IS EVEN ADMITTED TO MOUNT, WITHOUT TREMBLING.



BUT THEN, WITH A FIGHTING SCREAM, RED GOES B/TO THE AIR.



AND THEN IT HAPPENS! UNABLE TO DISLodge HIS RIDER, THE RED WHIRLING DOES THE DREADED "DEATH ROLL"—TRYING TO CRUSH ROY UNDER HIM! ONLY ROY'S QUICKNESS SAVES HIM! ...



...BUT HIS HEAD HITS THE TREE TRUNK WITH GREAT FORCE.



...FINDING HIS FACE, THE OUTLAW WHIRLS TO FINISH HIM.



THE GREAT FOREDOOMS LIFT FOR A MOMENT.



...WHICH NEVER FAILS!



ROLLING FROM THE IMPACT...



...THE RED WHIRLWIND COMES QUICKLY TO HIS FEET, AND CHARGES, OPENMOUTHED!



BUT TRIGGER IS A WISE AND EXPERIENCED FIGHTER--AND BATTLING FOR HIS MASTER'S LIFE. STRONG, SPARKING GLADIUS, EACH HORSE SEEKS AN OPENING IN THE OTHER'S GUARD.



AND SUDDENLY TRIGGER RAIDS IT! HIS MIGHTY JAWB CLOSE ON THE NAPE OF THE RED HORSE'S NECK--WHERE THE SPIRITS ALREADY CAN BRING QUICK PARALYSIS, OR DEATH!



BUT TRIGGER IS NOT A KILLER! LIKE A TRUE GENTLEMAN, HE STEPS BACK, GRACING A CONQUERED FOE...



BUT TRIGGER IS NOT A KILLER! LIKE A TRUE GENTLEMAN, HE STEPS BACK, GRACING A CONQUERED FOE...



...AND LETS HIM STAMPER AWAY!



ANGUISHLY, TRIGGER TURNS TO RYAN'S LIMP FORM, GRIPPING, RUBBING WITH HIS SOFT NOSE--ASSURING HIMSELF THAT LIFE IS STILL THERE.





A CHUNK OF CHolla CACTUS STUCK TO HIS TAIL--AND HE WILL SURE BE HARD TO CATCH! HEH, HEH, HEH!



DROP IT, BENDER, AND COME HERE!

UH--AWH!



EASE MY FOOT OUT OF THAT STRUPE! AND IF ANYTHING-- ANYTHING AT ALL--DOES WRONG, YOU'LL CATCH A FORTY-FIVE CALIBER, PELL! REMEMBER THAT, BENDER!



YOU'RE-- FREE! N-NOW WHAT?

LIE DOWN--WITH YOUR HANDS CROSSED BEHIND YOU! AND WAIT FOR ME!

WAITER LATER, WHEN BOY'S HEAD WAS CLEARED.



NON-NON-NON!

YES, YOUR BRIDE, TRIGGER! I'M GOING TO SWEEN IT--FOR RED!



NOW, BENDER, YOU CLIMB ON YOUR HORSE! AS SOON AS RED HERE GETS THE IDEA OF WHAT A BIT AND BRIDLE ARE FOR, I'M TAKING YOU TO THE LOOKUP.



...TO STAND TRIAL FOR
ATTEMPTED HOMICIDE!
WHYRE HORSE
STEALING, TOO!



LATER, AS ROY HEARS THE SHERIFF'S
OFFICE IN LONGHORN...

SHERIFF! WHO IS THAT-
ON THE RED HORSE?



THAT, MR. WELLS, IS MY DEPUTY,
ROY ROGERS! HE'S GOT HIM A
PRISONER--AND A NEW HORSE!
I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT
RED BEAUTY BEFORE!

IT'S RED MAN--
OUR RED MAN,
DAD! THAT
NOBODY
COULD RIDE!



ROY--MEET MR.
WELLS--AND HIS
DAUGHTER,
BARBARA!

IT'S A
PLEASURE...

...PARTICULARLY
FOR ME!



RED WAS STOLEN FROM OUR
CALIFORNIA RANCH! WE JUST
TRACED HIM TO LONGHORN
COUNTY... BUT HOW DO
YOU FIND HIM, ROBERT?

AND HOW DO YOU
SURE MANAGE TO
RIDE HIM? HE'S AS
GENTLE AS A KITTEN!



WELL, FOLKS, IT'S A LONG STORY--AND RED
NEEDS A RIDE AND A SUREFOOT NIGHT! SO
WHEN HE'S HAD THEM, I'LL TELL YOU AND
SHERIFF BOB THE WHOLE YARN
FROM START TO FINISH!

Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS

and

THE
GOLDEN
CALVES

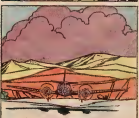
PAT! WAKE UP! YOUR
HORSE IS GOING TO
SLEEP, TOO! PAT!

WAKEN! QUIZZE...
ZZZZZ...









THREE HOURS BEFORE DAWN, THE SAME PLANE AGAIN TOUCHED DOWN ON THE SMOOTH WHITE FLOOR OF SALT CANYON



GIT ALONG, LITL' DOGIES! GIT ALONG!

ONLY TEN MORE GOLDEN-COLORED CALLES ARE TAKEN, LEAVIN' THE PLANE'S ROOP AND GIVEN OVER TO MOUNTAIN ROBBERIES...



...AS THE MOON'S PALE RAY SHINE BEHIND THE CANYON'S RIM, PLANNING ALL IN DEEP DARKNESS...



LISTEN, CAP! DON'T GUN THOSE BASHOS. TELL WE GET THE FEL DE ORS OUT OF THE CANYON OR THEY'LL STAMPEDE AND MESSIE GET HURT!

OKAY, SLUICY...WE'LL TAKE TIME TO STRETCH OUR LEGS BEFORE WE TAKE OFF!



I'M GETTING THE BREAKS SO FAR!

THIRTY MOMENTS LATER, RAY DIVIDED HIMSELF INTO THE CRIBING SPACE OF THE TRANSPORT



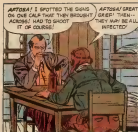
BUR-LAP BASH! GOOD! PROBABLY NOBODY WILL LOOK IN HERE, BUT I CAN HIDE UNDER THERE, JUST IN CASE!



R-ROAR-RR!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE UNLIGHTED PLANE ROSE OUT OF THE CANYON LIKE A BART BAT OUT OF A CASHIER'S MOUTH...





FIGURING THAT HE MAY NEED EVERY NERVE ALERT LATER ON, HE SLEEPS AWAY THE DRETTLEST HOURS IN THE UNDERBUSH





AND MOMENTS LATER, THE CARRIED ARRIVES-BEGLAD.



ON TO THE DARK LANDS! STOP! THE TRACTOR AND THE LOADED PLANE...



...AND SPRINGS AWAY AS THE ENGINES ROAR!



AT THE LIMIT OF ITS RUN, IT REES--AND BARELY CLEARS THE VALLEY'S END.





BUT OUT OF CONTROL, THE PLANE FALLS OFF AS THE MEN WITNESS HER FIGHT...



BUT SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE TUMBLING AIRCRAFT, THE BIG PLANE LEVELS OFF...



...AND LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, IT LANDS AT LONGHORN'S LIGHTHOUSE STOP.



"FEL DE GROSS" AND THE SHIP'S SMUGGLER CREW? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, SHERIFF BOB?



THAT'S ALL! I'VE TOOK THE CUSTOMS BOYS OUT TO SALT CANYON--AND THEY'VE GOT GMP RANLITT UNDER ARREST! AND IF THOSE DOGS SHOW ANY APTITUDE...

Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS

and

THE CHALLENGE TO DANGER

"THIS CANDIDATE FROM GRANTSVILLE--CHARRO COGAN--IS SURE SPREADING HASSLE, BOB!"

"UH-HUH! NO T' NOTICE, ROY!"

NO T' BOTHER LONGHORN! SHERIFF HONEST E. MARSH!

VOTE FOR
CHARRO
COGAN
FOR SHERIFF!

"YOU SOUND AS IF HE HAS YOU WORRIED, BOB!"

"HE HAS! FOLKS WILL ALWAYS VOTE FOR A COLORFUL CHARACTER--WHETHER HE'S WORTH A HOOT OR NOT!"

"THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT, BOB! GRANTSVILLE HAS MADE UP ITS MIND TO BECOME THE COUNTY SEAT! IF IT TAKES THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, ANY--"

"HEY! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, ROY!"

"HEAD TURT! GRANTSVILLE HAS BEEN CAUGHT IN ITS OWN LOOP THIS TIME, ROY!"

"HMM..."

GAZETTE

GRANTSVILLE CHALLENGES LONGHORN TO PRODUCE A MAN WHO CAN BEAT CHARRO COGAN AT SHOOTING, ROPING OR ANY OTHER SKILL THAT A PEACE OFFICER NEEDS! LONGHORN MAY SET THE TIME AND PLACE OF CONTEST.







WITH EXPERT FINGER, CHARRO MAKES A DECY GRAPPLING BULLY, FASTENING HIS ROPE'S FREE END TO HIS SADDLEBAG...



...WHILE ROY HOLDS HIS ROPE TIGHT!



UNDER ROY'S ANKLE PRESSURE, THOMAS TURNS "ON A JOKE" AND ROY'S HAND SLASHES UPWARD.



WITH A STEADY SNARE, ROY'S SMALL LOOP HOOKS OUT...







BAKE A FLASH, THE BIG TUSKER WHIRLS TO RIP AGAIN...











THEY TAKES UP THE ROCKY SLOPE, A BAND OF WILD PECCARIES, DISTURBED BY COBAN, BEGIN REFUGED.



HMM! MAYBE I WON'T HAVE TO SHOOT IT OUT! IF I CRAWLED IN THERE, SCORERS WOULD NEVER GUESS! AND IF HE DID, I COULD SHOOT FIRST!



HE'S COMING UP THE HILL! I HEARD A STONE ROLL....

IN SILENT ALARM, THE PECCARIE SWATH THEIR REFUGE INVADERS.



CHASCO MAY BE WATCHING ME—FROM BEHIND SOME ROCK—BUT I'VE GOT TO RISK IT!



I'VE GOT A BEAD ON HIS BELT BUCKLE! IF HE COMES TEN STEPS NEARER, I'LL ...



YEOW!

WAK-SAK!

KRAANG!



THE DEAFENING BLAST OF CHAZZO'S RIFLE TRIGGERS THE WILD PIGEONS' NERVES. IN A MAD PANIC, THEY CROSS PAST HIM, SLAMMING BOTH CHAZZO TOWNS AND HOOPS ...



... AND, STILL IN A FRIGHTENED PANIC, THEY HEAD STRAIGHT FOR BOB!



THE CRAZY GADGET! WELL, ANYHOW, BOB-- I DON'T THINK THE GRANVILLE POLICE WILL BE PUTTING ANOTHER CHAZZO CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF, THIS YEAR!



YELLOW BEAR CUB



It all started when Ted Boyle's father brought home the Bear Cub. He'd shot the cub's mother, but couldn't bring himself to destroy the cute, little, woolly youngster who wasn't yet weaned from milk.

Eleven-year-old Ted thought the cub was wonderful—a real, live Teddy Bear! For "Brownie," as he was promptly named, had a coat that was light cinnamon brown—almost a shade of yellow. Some black bear mothers have cubs of that color.

Ted's mother was not enthusiastic about her son's pet, but because Ted had lately been mourning the death of his old dog, she agreed to let the boy keep him—outdoors.

The "outdoors" rule lasted only a week. By that time, Ted had his bear house-trained. Ted could teach an animal to do almost anything. He cuffed the small bruin into prompt obedience, much the way a mother bear would do—and petted him between times.

So Brownie learned to sit in a chair for his meals, with a dish towel around his neck for a napkin. He learned to ride a wooden-wheeled bicycle that Ted made. He also learned NOT to walk along the top rail of the corral and scare the calves out of a year's growth!

Brownie never bothered the hens—after one sharp lesson. But no one and nothing could keep him from stealing eggs when he was not watched. Ted tried. He emptied an eggshell and refilled it with red pepper mixed with yolk.

Brownie loved it. With watering eyes he

asked for more! The upshot was—a collar and a stout chain for Brownie, except when Ted was around to keep an eye on him.

The first winter, Brownie did not hibernate.

Dad Boyle said that the bear's growing appetite made Brownie too expensive to keep. Mom said the creature was a nuisance, and always underfoot when she wanted to get a meal. But Brownie was Ted's pal, so he stayed. . . .

Until the next fall!

By then his appetite was a frightening problem. And the half-grown bear was getting bumptious. One day, he stopped Dad Boyle coming from the barn with a pailful of milk. When Dad tried to walk around him, Brownie made a swipe at the pail with his paw—and spilled it.

Dad was furious. He reached for a shovel to swat the cub—but Brownie, like all bears, was an instinctive boxer. He knocked the shovel clean out of Dad's hands.

A few moments later, Ted saw his father coming out of the house with his rifle. Ted saw Brownie lopping up spilled milk, and guessed the score! With his arms around the cub's neck, he begged for his pet's life.

Dad compromised. If Ted would take his pesky bear into the woods and lose him for good, no shooting would be needed.

With a heavy heart, Ted led Brownie into the woods. Three miles from home, Ted ordered his pet to climb a tree—something he loved to do.

The command to "Stay there!" was also

familiar—but this time there was a grimace in Ted's face that meant a LONG stay!

That fall and winter, nothing was seen of Brownie around the Boyle farm.

The next autumn, Ted was still missing him. But the arrival of Mom Boyle's bachelor brother from the East suddenly filled the days with interest. "Uncle Arthur" was "retired," with a nice little income, so that he didn't have to work. He was also fat and full of strange ideas that Mom called "Teds," and Dad called foolishness.

Uncle Arthur insisted on eating only one kind of food at a meal—but lots of it. He had another notion that pleased Mom better. This was for Dad to build him a very small cabin, thickly insulated against winter's cold, to keep him warm. Dad built it, grumbling a bit,

One snowy evening, when Ted was helping Uncle Arthur carry a pile of blankets to his new sleeping quarters, the lantern's light showed that the cabin door stood open.

"Something's inside!" Uncle Arthur squeaked. "It looks like a dog! Get out, you yellow cur!"

"Uncle Arthur—that's not a dog! That's Brown—OH, DON'T—!"

But Ted's warning came too late. Uncle



Arthur's boot landed hard. With an outraged "WOOF-WOOF!" a big cinnamon bear backed out, and struck back with a mighty paw.

Luckily, the blow landed on the pile of blankets in Uncle Arthur's arms. It knocked him down, however. And the next instant a growling, dangerous wild beast stood over the shrieking man.

Through the clamor, Ted's command cut sharply: "Brownie! Get back!" Then the lantern crashed against Brownie's ear.

The bear backed off. This was familiar stuff—his master's voice, and—bang! As nimbly as a little cub, he crept into Uncle Arthur's cabin, and lay down.

Ted Boyle slammed the door. To his uncle's hysterical questioning, he admitted that he was more or less on friendly terms with wild animals. And that you could never be sure when one of them would turn up—like this bear!

Uncle Arthur gasped in horror at the thought. And next day, Dad drove him out to the train for Boston, bag and baggage.

Brownie, as fat as pork, and sleepy, continued to occupy the little cabin. In fact, he slept there, with the family's blessings, all winter long!



CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

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AN HOUR LATER, HIS KEEN EARS CATCHING THE SOUND OF APPROACHING RIDERS, THE WILD PINTO VOICES A WARNING AND A COMMAND TO HIS MARES.

HE FOLLOWS IT UP WITH A SHARP RIP --- AND IN SECONDS THE WHOLE BAND IS FLYING TOWARD THE NEXT CANYON BRANCHING...



MINUTES LATER THE CHASE GROWS WARM.



SEE THEIR TRACKS? MY "BOODER" TURNED 'EM SHORT!

HERE'S THE BOX CANYON! AND OUR HORSES ARE IN THE TRAP, KIDS! SMELL THE DUST IN THE AIR?

YOU BET, CHARLEY!



SLOW UP, PETE! WE'RE NOT GOING TO BUST IN ON THAT WILD BUNCH AT THE CANYON'S DEAD END...

BUT --- WHY NOT CHARLEY?



BECAUSE --- THEY'RE COMING OUT! HEAR THOSE HOOF'S A-THUNDERING? GET OVER TO THE WALL --- QUICK!



THIS IS IT ---



SUDDENLY THE PINTO LEADER ERUPTS INTO VIEW---CHARGING BACK FROM THE DEAD-END TRAP.

AS A SLIM BAY MARE TEARS PIST, CROWDING THE FARTHER WALL, CHARLEY'S LOOP SHAKES OUT...





"THE SIDEWINDER WAS AN UNTAMABLE OUTLAW IN CAPTIVITY, WHEN I FIRST SAW HIM, WAITING TO BE SADDLED FOR HIS FIRST RODEO RIDE...



"HE'D BEEN CAUGHT AS A THREE-YEAR-OLD, OUT IN THE BADLANDS

"...BUT THE MAN WHO FIRST TRIED TO RIDE HIM NEARLY GOT KILLED! THE STEELBUST PROVED TO BE SO UNMANAGEABLE...



"...THAT HE WAS SOLD IN A HURRY --- AS A RODEO BUCKER!



"SIDEWINDER WAS A RIGHTLY SMART HORSE --- HE NEVER TRIED TO FIGHT IMPOSSIBLE ODDS! FOOT-ROPED, HE LET HIMSELF BE LOADED INTO A BOXCAR, HEADED FOR THE RODEO TOWN.



"HE MADE NO BREAK FOR FREEDOM UNTIL THE MINUTE THAT HE BUCKED OFF HIS FIRST RIDER IN THE ARENA.





"THEN, BUCKING AND BAWLING AND SQUEALING LIKE MURDER, HE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE LOWEST PART OF THE FENCE! THE PEOPLE THERE SCATTERED--- FOR THEIR LIVES!"



"IN ONE CLEAN JUMP HE CLEARED THE TOP RAIL. ---"



"--- AND LIT OUT FOR THE WIDE OPEN SPACES! A COUPLE OF RIDERS TOOK OUT AFTER HIM --- BUT IT WASN'T ANY USE!"



"DEEP IN THE BADLANDS HE GOT RID OF HIS SADDLE AND HACKAMORE."



"SOME TIME LATER, HE FOUGHT A WILD STALLION FOR THE LEADERSHIP OF HIS BAND OF MARES..."



"--- AND FOR A FEW YEARS RULED THE FINEST BUNCH OF HORSEFLESH IN THE WILD HORSE COUNTRY! THE STEELTUS'S OWN CLEAN, POWERFUL LINES SHOWED IN HIS GROWING COLTS."



"AND THAT'S WHAT CAUSED THE TROUBLE THAT ENDED HIS FREE RUN OF THE BADLANDS! MORE THAN ONCE, SOME WANDERING COWBOY GLIMPSED SIDEWINDER'S BAND AND TALKED ABOUT IT!



"HORSE HUNTERS STARTED RUNNING THE STEELDUST'S SUNCH—KEEPING THEM ON THE MOVE, WITH NO CHANCE TO REST OR EAT OR DRINK

"THEY NEVER DID MANAGE TO CATCH SIDEWINDER HIMSELF—BUT THEY SPLIT HIS BAND AND CAPTURED HALF HIS MARES AND COLTS."



"AFTER THAT, THE HUNTERS LEFT HIM ALONE FOR A WHILE—BUT THE STEELDUST FIGURED THAT HE COULD PLAY THE HUNTER'S GAME, TOO! ON NIGHTS, HE'D LOCATE A WELL-STOCKED PASTURE...



"—FIND THE WEAKEST POST, AND BREAK IT OFF, OR TEAR DOWN THE WIRE.



"NEXT THING, HE'D BE DRIVING OFF THE PICK OF ALL THE MARES IN THAT PASTURE, THROUGH THE BREAK, TO BUILD UP HIS BAND OF WILD ONES.



"THAT'S WHERE I CAME IN! A COUPLE OF FRIENDS OF MINE, DAVE AND WALLY, PROFESSIONALS IN THE HORSE HUNTING GAME, GOT ME INTERESTED IN TRAPPING SIDEWINDER! WE BUILT A FENCE OF LIVING CEDAR TREES.



"---TO MAKE EACH WING OF OUR TRAP, THEY LED RIGHT ALONG A LOW RIDGE THAT THE STEELDUST USED TRAVELING FROM ONE WILD RANGE TO ANOTHER.



"WHEN WE SAW HIM AND HIS BAND ENTER THOSE WINGS, WE BURNED THE WIND, TO FOLLOW HIM RIGHT THROUGH! WE DIDN'T AIM TO GIVE SIDEWINDER TIME TO BREAK THROUGH OUR FENCE,..."



"WE FIGURED HE'D KEEP ON GOING, STRAIGHT INTO THE STRONG CORRAL TRAP AND WE COULD SLAM THE GATE BEHIND HIM AND STOP HIS MARES... BUT WE FIGURED WRONG! SIDEWINDER STOPPED SHORT"



"WHAT'S MORE, HE MANAGED TO TURN HIS MARES AROUND AND START THEM STAMPEDES BACK!"



"AT SIGHT OF THE THREE OF US, THE STEEL-DUST PLUNGED INTO THE LEAD, BAWLING MURDER!"



HE GRABBED WALLY JAMES BY THE LEG----



"---AND TOSSED HIM ARIE!"



"THEN---QUICK AS A FLASH---HE RAMMED INTO DAVE'S HORSE AND KNOCKED HIM DOWN! DAVE FIRED ONE SHOT--- AND MISSED!"



"THE NEXT MOMENT HE WAS GONE---FADING INTO THE DUST CLOUD KICKED UP BY HIS BAND!"

"BOY! DID ANYBODY EVER CATCH SIDENWINDER-- AFTER THAT?"



"NOT THAT I KNOW'D, PETE! SIDENWINDER WOULD BE TWENTY YEARS OLD NOW, BUT I RECKON HE'S STILL GOING STRONG--- A WAY BACK IN SOME PART OF THE BADLANDS WHERE HUNTERS AREN'T CRAZY ENOUGH TO FOLLOW HIM!"

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Suppose you like **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES** best. Tomorrow morning, when you're enjoying your breakfast bowl of them, try to decide what it is about **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES** that makes them so hip-cracking good. Is it that exclusive nutty-rich flavor? (No other wheat flakes have it, you know!)

Or maybe it's the delicious sugar-coated crispness you go for. Or the wonderful, glad-to-be-alive feeling you have after a **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES** breakfast. (Remember, the wholehearted energy in **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES** goes to work for you within two minutes after you eat them!)

Or maybe you'll discover you have some special reasons all your own for liking **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES**. Fine! Just put them down on the entry blanks your grocer has for you, or write them down on a plain sheet of white paper.

Send your entries to: Roy Rogers Family Contest, Box 1, Brooklyn 1, New York.

There'll be four big weekly contests, and you can submit as many entries as you want for each contest—provided you enclose a **POST** cereal box top (a **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES** box top if **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES** are your favorite!) with each entry.

The first contest closes

May 25, the second,
May 29, the third,
May 29, the fourth,
June 5. And remember, no entries will be accepted that are postmarked later than midnight June 24.

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